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ART PATRONAGE GONE ASTRAY.

THE Rembrandt Club, of Brooklyn, is a peculiar organization. It has an artistic name, and numbers a good many picture buyers and collectors in its membership of seventy or so, but what its mission is no one has yet been able to discover. The members meet occasionally, somebody reads a paper about something that might as well go unread, everybody else wags his head wisely as he dozes through it, and then they part on the best of terms with themselves individually and collectively. The Rembrandt seems recently to have been stimulated by some occult force to a vigorous effort to do something. It has appropriated a sum variously stated from \$1,000 to \$1,500, to purchase an etched plate, from which each member is to receive a proof, after which the plate is to be solemnly destroyed. From all that appears it does not matter what the etching is or who it is by as long as it is a real etching. A prominent member who unfolded this luminous scheme to me with great pride informed me that the Club's idea was to encourage art. If it really wishes to encourage art, why doesn't it donate the money raised to some exhibition, to be used for prizes for the best pictures, or send some talented young fellow abroad to study on it for a couple of years? There is an old proverb of a fool and his money. The members of the Rembrandt are all too wealthy to be fools, but they ought to have a financial adviser to tell them what to do with their cash."

The case of the Rembrandt Club, as above noted by a local critic, is not an uncommon one with us. In his blind groping after something advantageous to art, the modern art patron is far more likely to go astray than to secure the end he seeks. The most inspiring and healthy aid that can be given to our art, next to its practical encouragement by liberal purchase, is an assistance which holds forth an inducement to labor and advancement to the student on the threshold of his career. The couple of prizes already competed for in the Academy of Design have shown how excellent the result of such contests is when they are fairly conducted. In time to come there will, it is to be hoped, be many more and more substantial ones to cheer and strengthen the young and ambitious worker on his hard and sterile road.

THE PRIZE WATER COLORS.

THE four prizes of \$250 each were awarded to the Water Colors at the American Art Galleries, on Saturday, November 14th. The award was made by the votes of the visitors, each of whom received a card on entering, which was filled out in favor of four of the exhibitors, and deposited in a box at the door. The choice fell to Messrs. George H. Smillie, F. K. M. Rehn, H. F. Farny and W. Hamilton Gibson, the pictures securing the prizes being a marine, a coast view, a landscape, and a figure piece.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

THE Christmas *Harper's* is a magnificent magazine. From its frontispiece, engraved by Closson after Raphael's "Madonna del Granduca" to Charles S. Reinhart's concluding sketch in the Editor's Drawer, it is a mine of pictorial richness. Among the names of the illustrators are to be mentioned George H. Boughton, E. A. Abbey, Howard Pyle, Alfred Fredericks, Frederick Dielman, W. T. Smedley and W. H. Gibson. Of especial interest is Philip Burty's biographical sketch of the little known French wineshop keeper and water colorist, Leon Bonvin (the name is, by the way, a fitting one), to illustrate which the collection of Mr. William T. Walters has been lavishly drawn upon.

THE November *Century* contains the conclusion of Edmund Gosse's article on "Living English Sculptors," the first paper of which was given over two years ago. There is a good story, by Mary Hallock Foote, beautifully illustrated by ago. Robert Koehler's "Socialist," from the last Spring Academy, is engraved as a full page. Artistically considered, the November *Century* is by no means up to the mark.

THE best of a number of good things in the November *Magazine of Art* is Jonnards' page cut of John S. Sargent's superb portrait composition of the Misses Vickers. The St. Louis Museum of the Fine Arts is also illustrated and described.

THE *Art Amateur* for November illustrates the art of Henry Mosler, and gives the usual technical instruction in the various walks of art, as practiced by amateurs. In its special line, the *Art Amateur* is a periodical without a peer.

THE current issue of the *Decorator and Furnisher* is exceptionally interesting for an article of "Yacht Trophies," illustrated by direct reproductions of some of the famous yachting cups contested for in our waters. The best designs, in the sense of originality, appropriateness and artistic feeling, are the two made by Charles Osborn.

THE *Art Age* begins with this month the publication of a series of heliotypes from the pictures of well-known native artists. The opening picture is from M. F. H. De Haas' noble coast marine, now on exhibition at the American Art Galleries. The plate for the December number will be after a picture by James M. Hart. Some beautiful designs for stained glass windows, by J. & R. Lamb, and a full page sketch, by Wm. J. Baer, are additional features of the current number.

GENIUS' TRIBUTE TO GENIUS.

THE life of William Page was a life of spiritual enthusiasm and untiring devotion to the high ideal of his art. It was truly the artist's life as it is felt and described by Browning :

"I could have painted pictures like that youth's
Ye praise so—"

Fascinated by the great works of the great painters, he sought long and unweariedly the secret of that superb color, that divine glow, which has been the inspiration and the despair of generations of artists. How much of that mellow brilliancy which is the splendor of the Venetians he caught and transferred to his own canvas, those best know who are most intelligently familiar with his works. But he never rested. He was Emerson's "endless experimenter," and some of his finest portraits, painted according to his method of the moment, have gradually darkened and are practically extinct.

But the noble enthusiasm to which the reverend pursuit of expression in art is a religion and not a trade, if it kept him always poor, made him always young, and was as fresh at threescore and ten, and in the feebleness of illness, as it had been in the youth of the pupil at the Academy. He walked hand in hand with poetry as with painting. Familiar with the sonnets of Shakespeare as with the portraits of Titian, he lived among men rapt in that high ideal world

"Whose light doth trample on our days."

If it was pathetic to see how far he fell short, in his own estimate, of the excellence that he revered, it was inspiring and reassuring to human nature to watch a devotion so absolute, and so invincible a faith. But of Page it is true, as of so many men of the finest nature, that his works, however beautiful and valuable, are but glimpses and gleams of a genius which leaves no adequate expression.—GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, in *Harper's Magazine* for December.

TWO ARTIST-POETS.

COMPASS VARIATIONS.

When the rude mariner with anchor free,
And bark, fresh laden, speeding from the land,
Takes the long tiller in his horny hand,
And wrestles with the buffeting of the sea,
He sometimes notes the compass trembling—
Yield to some secret and supreme command—
Some ore in the hold unseen, nor may withstand
His skill their mystic sacrament to agree.
Thus finely poised natures gently bend,
Amid life's energy of waves, to greet
The sudden revelation of a friend,
Deep freighted, not to mar, but to repeat
The star's exalted influence and lend
Augmenting power to make life's daring course complete.

A. G. HEATON, in *To-Day*.

AT THE GRAVE OF KEATS.

TO G. W. C.

Long, long ago, in the sweet Roman spring,
Through the bright morning air we slowly strolled,
And in the blue heaven heard the skylark sing
Above the ruins old—

Beyond the Forum's crumbling grass-grown piles,
Through high-walled lanes o'erhung with blossoms white
That opened on the far Campagna's miles
Of verdure and of light;

Till by the grave of Keats we stood, and found
A rose—a single rose left blooming there,
Making more sacred still that hallowed ground
And that enchanted air.

A single rose, whose fading petals drooped,
And seemed to wait for us to gather them.
So, kneeling on the humble mound, we stooped
And plucked it from its stem.

One rose and nothing more. We shared its leaves
Between us, as we shared the thoughts of one
Called from the field before his unripe sheaves
Could feel the harvest sun.

That rose's fragrance is forever fled
For us, dear friend—but not the Poet's lay.
He is the rose, deathless among the dead,
Whose perfume lives to-day.

C. P. CRANCH, in *Harper's Magazine*.